

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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AUTHORS OF OLD WEEKLIES

by Joe Gantner



Very little is known about the Authors of old 5c weeklies as compared to the immense reviews and biographies of the Authors of the so-called high-brow literature. It was with great interest that I read in the Missouri University Library, the other day, Harry A. Keller's series of articles for writers called, "If You Must Write." These twenty-five articles were in the Editor magazine, and first appeared in the May the 21st issue of the year 1932. Mr. Keller was a former editor of STREET AND SMITHS, and in this wonderful series of articles, he often mentions inside information in the lives of the old Dime and Half-

Dime writers. Believing that most of the Happy-Hour Brotherhood have not seen these articles, I am taking excerpts out of Mr. Keller's writings, and putting them under the heading of the WEEKLY the author wrote for. I would also advise anyone who intends to write fiction, to read Mr. Keller's articles, as they are the most instructive and best written I have ever read.

DIAMOND DICK WEEKLY. In 1929 a splendid old figure passed on. He was GEORGE C. JENKS, and the obituary notices in the newspapers credited him with the famous DIAMOND DICK stories, as well as countless other series of yarns. He was a delightful person, once, years ago, I sat down to lunch with him, and he remarked as he unfolded his napkin: "Gosh," and his eyes were beaming as he spoke, "I used to stand outside of restaurants when I was a boy, and look through the window at the white table-cloths, and waiters in uniforms, and the silver service, and ask myself if ever I would be able to dine in such places, and here I am." Then he gave a hearty laugh. He was a large man with a merry twinkling pair of eyes. And mind he said this after he had been a writer for thirty years. Mr. Keller also tells about Mr. Jenks being a press agent for a circus, and about him receiving three sovereigns in London for his first stories. (I wonder if that is why the OLD DIAMOND DICKS had so many stories about the circus?)

TIP TOP WEEKLY. In the early days of my editorial experience, I met GILBERT PATTEN, a writer who has enjoyed outstanding success. That's fourteen years ago, and we're still

good friends. You know him better, perhaps by his pen name, BURT L. STANDISH. He created the celebrated character, FRANK MERRIWELL and wrote the Merriwell stories for seventeen years. Every one of those stories contains no less than 20,000 words, or about seventy typewritten pages. And GIL wrote one every week, think of it. Twenty thousand words a week, for seventeen years. Now ask yourself where would GIL have been, if he waited for an "inspiration." GIL, understand, likes a good time, likes to play, as well as any of us; it would have been a simple matter for him to kid himself, and chuck work to play alley pool, one of his favorite games, and give himself the excuse that he wasn't in a mood to write—or something cock-eyed like that. No, if you are going to write, roll up your sleeves and go to it. Let nothing interfere.

Mr. Keller, again mentions the wonderful record of Gilbert Patten in writing 20,000 words a week, when he shows there are two kinds of writers, those who revise, and those whose first writings had to go after the first copy. Mr. Keller continues: And the man who wrote the BERTHA M. CLAY stories—yes, it was a man, named JOHN R. CORYELL, a delightful figure in American fiction—usually wrote a thirty thousand word CLAY novel at a single sitting. And with him, as with PATTEN first copy went—which is another way of saying that they did nothing to their stories after writing them first, except to read them through once to correct errors in spelling, typographical slips, and the like.

NICK CARTER WEEKLY. Did you know that many of the stories you used to read about the illustrious NICK CARTER, were written by a paralectic continually confined to his bed? They were by a man named SPAULDING. The character of NICK CARTER was created by JOHN R. CORYELL, and most of the exploits of the intrepid detective came from the brain of one FREDERICK VAN RENSSALEAR DEY, both of whom have since passed on to bigger and (we hope) better things. But SPAULDING'S NICK CARTER stories were none the less sensational, none the less realistic than CORYELL'S or DEY'S, yet, SPAULDING had to draw upon what he had stored up, in order to write.

Again Mr. Keller says: To allow a hero to show cowardice under trying circumstances is sadly amiss. The hero must be so constituted that he holds the secret regard of the readers. On this point the late JOHN R. CORYELL, who created the character NICK CARTER once told me that he always patterned a NICK CARTER story after JACK the GIANT KILLER. "The King can do no wrong," is the idea.

Mr. Keller continues; I recall an exaggerated case of making human realities subordinate to action. It was an episode in a NICK CARTER story, one that I worked on way back in Nineteen Fifteen. NICK, as you probably know, was a super-detective. He could carry through successfully anything he undertook; and he was little short of omnipotent. He could talk Chinese with the same ease as he could swap personal reminiscences with the King of Siam. Oh, NICK was a wonder; (here Mr. Keller takes up a lot of space to relate the story, of which I will tell in a few words.) The villains tied NICK to the rear of the taxicab, and drug him four times around the block, at 60 miles an hour, and thinking NICK was dead, they ride away. NICK gets up, and gets out of his bonds, and walks away also.

We old readers of NICK CARTER wonder how we could have believed such things in our day, but the SUPERMAN COMICS, that the young people eat up today, is NICK CARTER magnified 1000 times. NICK never flew through the air.

I find Mr. Keller's articles very revealing, and I hope the Brother Members of the Happy-Hours enjoyed reading this little essay.

MY MEETING WITH BUFFALO BILL

by Willis E. Hurd

In front of my desk is a picture that I often glance at with admiration. On it is written, "To Willis Edwin Hurd, with compliments of D. Frank Powell ('White Beaver'), Sept., 1901." The photograph was taken at La Crosse, Wisconsin, and it shows a fine, bold looking man with a thick moustache and a wealth of dark hair brushed back from his forehead and hanging down his back to well below the shoulders. Beside it is a "Wild West Show" photograph of W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), also autograph-

ed. Dr. Powell helped me to secure it by sending me a note addressed to his Old Pard of the Plains, and suggested to me to write to Cody, Care Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, Pontiac, Illinois, with inclosure of the note. In due time I had my second autographed photograph of a Great Plainsman. It was later followed by others, like Col. Prentiss Ingraham, 'Captain Jack' Crawford, "Eagle Tail" L. V. Berg, and "Pawnee Bill" Lillie, but they constitute quite another story from the one I have in mind to relate.

It was in 1907 that I met Buffalo Bill in Jacksonville, Florida, where I had gone from my former home in New Hampshire, to take up a position as Observer in the U. S. Weather Bureau. I went early to the show ground in order, if possible, to catch a personal glimpse of and perhaps have a snatch of conversation with Cody himself.

As I entered the tent, I approached one of the sappers, though it may have been one of the cowboys, after a long glance about the tent had shown it to be yet empty of the heavy crowd that soon began flocking in. The man stopped long enough to listen to my request that I be permitted to shake hands with Buffalo Bill. Then he pointed to a man not far from him and said: "That is Col. McCune, Western Agent of the Wild West Co. You'd better talk with him." So, in some excitement, I walked over to the other "Bill," Col. Wm. McCune.

He listened patiently to my request, as I explained my wishes, of my correspondence with White Beaver, who was Surgeon Chief of the Army of the Northwest while Buffalo Bill was Chief of Scouts, and of my intense interest in the old Frontier Days.

"I am afraid Buffalo Bill cannot see you," he replied. "While we were in New England he caught a bad cold and ain't exactly in shape to receive personal visitors."

However, it was not long before I won out. "All I want," I said, is just to speak to him, get his signature in my birthday book, then catch a glimpse of the Sioux Chief Iron Tail, if I may."

Then McCune took me to the rear of the huge tent and past the historical Deadwood Stage Coach. Then, raising the tent flap, he took me to the nearby smaller tent in which Buffalo Bill was sitting beside a stand.

"Col. Cody," he introduced me quickly, "this is Mr. Hurd, a long-time admirer of you and a friend of Dr. Powell."

"Indeed," replied Buffalo Bill, rising and shaking hands with me. "Where did you meet Dr. Powell?" As he cast his keen eyes upon me, I had to think quickly, for McCune had stretched the matter in telling him that I knew White Beaver in person.

"At St. Paul," I replied, remembering that I had written to him there at the beginning of my correspondence.

"Ah, poor Frank," murmured the Great Scout as though talking to himself, "his death was a sad loss to me."

Col. McCune then told him that I had a book in which I would like to have him write his name, so under the date of February 26 he wrote, W. F. Cody "Buffalo Bill," born in 1846. That famous signature is before me as I write these lines. I thanked him for the favor, and as Cody turned away to some work on his desk, the Manager called to somebody a few rods away in the Indian encampment, "Jake!" This Jake was the interpreter, known as Jacob Killer, or in the Sioux tongue, as Wamjla Kte, as nearly as I can make it out in my old birthday book. He came running toward us at once, and in a few words Col. McCune told him what I wanted, to go into the encampment and meet Chief Iron Tail. We stepped aside from Buffalo Bill's tent, and I waited only a moment before Jake came up with a deeply-wrinkled savage. A few Sioux words were exchanged, and the seamed visage of the warrior broke into a broad and, to me, fascinating grin, weirder and stranger, if not fearsome, in fact, because of his feathered war bonnet and full Indian costume. As he shook hands with me I could picture him in earlier days howling forth his war whoop in advance of an expected kill. I had my book in hand, and after Jacob Killer had written the name under date of October 10, the Chief took my fountain pen and slowly made his X-mark between the "Tail" and "1907."

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed since I had left the main top, and I was back again, now prepared to take my seat with the satisfaction of a wish accomplished and the eager looking forward to the glittering performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show!

NEWSY NEWS

by **Ralph F. Cummings**

James A. Bland, negro minstrel, wrote the words and music of "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" in 1875.

Lacey Irwin sent in a two page spread of the Rotogravure Section of the St. Louis Globe Democrat, for Dec. 5th, 1943. Has 8 large illustrations of Frank Reade Library, Happy Days and Good News, all invention pictures of Frank Reade, Jack Wright and Tom Edison. Send 10c for a copy to St. Louis, Mo. A fine souvenir for your collection.

George Platt of Rockford, Mich., is in the news too. He's worked for the Wolverine Horsehide Shoe Co., for 40 years, and is still on the job, an old-timer that's seen the company grow up from when it first started. George likes Old Sleuths Own, Blue and Grays, Frank Reades, and what-not.

Cloyd N. Sautter, member #94 of H. H. B. sent me a fine article that appeared in The Star, Marion, Ohio, newspaper for Dec. 1st, 1943. Shows Mr. Sautter reading a Beadles Dime Library, while at his back hung up on the wall are a lot of his Libraries and Novels, and many of them are among the rare ones that you can't get for love nor money today. Mr. Sautter has been a postal clerk for 36 years, since Sept. 16th 1907, heap long time, I'll say. So his service ends and he expects to start an antique store, good luck Pal.

We hear that Irwin S. Cobb is very sick in New York. We all hope you are up and rarin to go, when you receive this issue of Roundup.

Who hasn't heard of The Tampa Ticker, the Voice of the Tampa Hobby Club, a 4 page 6x9 monthly on all kinds of hobbies, and pub. by Emmett A. McCoy. Per Year \$1.00 and you receive a list of other hobbyists and collectors of all kinds, an interesting little hobby for hobbyists.

Ever hear of The Little Chief, a magazine with yellow back covers, published in the late 60's and early 70's. A magazine for Boys and Girls, published by Shortridge and Button, Indianapolis, Ind. size 7x9, 16 to 20 pages. So when buying or making a deal for Little Chief Library, be sure you don't make a mistake and get the magazine instead. George French sent me a copy, so as to warn our members what to look out for.

James E. Casey, like all boys in the early 1900's I was an avid reader of Dime Novels, my favorites being Tip Top, Nick Carter, Secret Service, and Pluck and Luck, etc. The Beadles were before my time. But for the past 10 years I have often thought of trying to collect some of the old novels again, but didn't know where to look for them, or how to go about finding any. Looking through "Hobbies Mag." one day, I ran across "Reckless Ralph's Dime Novel Round-Up" ad, so sent for a copy. That started me off. I wrote to George French and bought some of his collection and through the ads found some other collectors and purchased various and sundry numbers from them, including a set of pictures from Bro. Rawson. Until now I have a fair start towards getting a good collection of real treasures. So there is a chain of events starting with your Round-Up, that is going to lead to very many pleasant hours reliving my younger days.

"I've Dreaded Telling You, Dad, Nick Carter's Back!" Nick will be on the air over WOR every Tuesday at 9:30 so be sure to listen in. "Quick, Uncle Looie, the Loud Speaker! WOR-Mutual now presents the World's most famous Detective over 208 stations! Your father read about him in the old New York Weekly, and you've read about him in the old New York Weekly, and you've read about him in Shadow Comic's and other magazines. And you've seen him in the movies, played by Walter Pidgeon. Who is he? Why, NICK CARTER, of course! Now heard in thrilling, complete dramatic episodes every Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. EWT over WOR and the Mutual coast to coast network. Be sure to listen in to some real hair raisers!

Bill Burns says the Castleman book run in sets as—6 Gunboat Series, 3 Sportsmans Club Series, 3 Rocky Mountain Series, 6 War Series, and in Optics, there is 6 Soldier Boy Series, 12 Blue and Gray Series, Hentys—70 of his tales.

Charles Jonas is back home again after his 11th operation. Wow, we'd be lucky if we could stand half of what he has. You have our sympathy, Pard.

Alexander Dumas last book was a Cook Book, as he was always interested in good foods. Who isn't?

Arvid Dahlstedt says that Sidney

Burton of New York received James Madison's Budget, and believes he got most of the novels too.

We hear that Edwin Sissung and his wife is out on the west coast. How come, Edwin? I'll bet he found a cache of real old timers some where in sunny California. What luck, Pal?

Some people are funny—a certain party wanted real first editions in fine shape, and said he'd be willing to pay as high as 10c or 15c per copy of what he needed.

And a lady down south wanted a novel, didn't remember title or author, but remembered the plot. She wrote to a certain collector, saying, I understand you have 30,000 novels, and I'm sure if you will look through them you will be able to find the story. She was willing to pay a half dollar. Phew, to think she wanted this dealer to hunt through 30,000 novels for that plot for only 50c. Can you beat it. It would only take him about a year to do it.

No. 5 of Old Cap Collier Library had 87 pages, and sold for 5c. May 12, 1883. Title: The Seaside Detective, or Ironclad in the Employ of the Government.

Well fellows, I've held off as long as I could, on the old prices, so starting with the February issue, ad rates will be as follows—2c per word, 50c per inch, quarter page \$1.25. Half page \$2.00. Full Page \$3.50. Four times for the price of three. Had to do this on account of paying more for the printing every month, and besides I want to try and keep it at 8 pages if possible.

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CHARLES BRAGIN

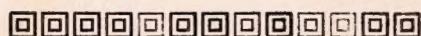
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TIP TOP WEEKLY

BOUGHT SOLD EXCHANGED

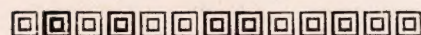
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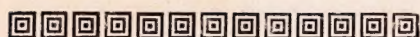
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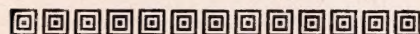


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